Western Reserve Chronicle

W. F. PORTER & Co.

PUBLISHED BY
HAPGOOD & ADAMS.
EMPIRE BLOCK.

A Weekly Family Journal, Devoted to Freedom, Agriculture, Literature, Education, Local Intelligence, and the News of the Day.

TERMS:
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CETNS
PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 40, NO 15. WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 28, 1855. WHOLE NO. 2043

Poetry.

WHAT SHALL BE MY ANGEL NAME?

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

In the land where I am going,
When my earthly life is o'er,
Where the tired hands cease their striving,
And the tired heart aches no more—
In that land of light and beauty,
Where no shadows ever came,
To o'ercloud the perfect glory—
What shall be my angel name?

When the spirits who await me,
Meet me at my entering in,
With what name of love and music
Will tender welcoming bring?
Not the one so dimmed with earth-stains,
Linked with thoughts of grief and pain!
No—the name that mortals gave me
Will not be my angel name!

I have heard it all too often,
Uttered by unloving lips;
Earthly care and sin and sorrow,
Dim it with their deep eclipse;
I shall change it like a garment,
When I leave this mortal frame,
And at life's immortal baptism
I shall have another name!

For the angels will not call me
By the name I bear on earth;
They will speak a holier language
When I have a holier birth;
Syllabled in heavenly music—
Sweeter far than earth may claim—
Very gentle, pure and tender—
Such shall be my Angel name!

It has thrilled my spirit often,
In the holiest of my dreams;
But its beauty lingers with me,
Only like the morning beams;
Weary of the jarring discord
Which the lips of mortals frame,
When shall I, with joy and rapture,
Answer to my Angel name?

[From the Portage Democrat.]

ROSA BELL.

BY MINA SKIFF.

Have you seen our beauteous Fairy,
Merry, laughing Rosa Bell,
With her footsteps light and airy,
Bounding o'er the grassy dell?
Witching voice, like silvery music
Floating from a murmuring shell;
Tones that fill the soul with rapture—
Sweet, enchanting Rosa Bell.

Brow of light, by ringlets shaded,
Golden as the sunbeam's hue;
Pouting lips, like dainty rubies,
Countless kisses seem to sue.
'Neath her lashes, long and silken,
Violet eyes like twin stars, tell
Of a heart both true and tender—
Winsome, loving Rosa Bell.

Have you seen her by the fountain,
Or the brook she loved so well?
Can you welcome tidings bring me
Of my missing Rosa Bell?
We have sought her on the hill-side,
And within the flowery dell,
But no more our sight she gladdens,
Rosa, loved so long and well.

Gone, like leaves at close of summer,
Or like clouds at early day;
Gone, to join the angel harpers,
In a land far, far away.
Cease, my heart, thy wild, fierce throbbing;
'Tis the distant funeral knell,
All my darling's years slow counting,
All the years of Rosa Bell.

'Neath the willow's drooping branches,
We have laid her down to sleep;
Pearly buds and lowly grasses
Loving vigils o'er her keep.
Bitter tears like rain are falling,
And my grief I cannot quell—
One fond heart will ne'er forget thee:
Sainted Rosa, fare thee well.

Nelson, Oct. 30, 1855.

Choice Miscellany.

A MODEL MERCHANT.

[The Cincinnati *Columbian* has the following review of the Diary and Correspondence of the late Amos Lawrence, of Boston, as published by his son. The book should be in the hands of every young man:]

The daily life of a man like Amos Lawrence, in his fully developed years, is a sermon consummate in its faith, and as perfect in its works, as we can expect from any living being, less than divine. We seldom hear of such men and more seldom still do we see them; but when they do come, they are not only the blessings of a country, but great and eloquent teachers for generations that follow them. As this volume will be seen by but comparatively few of our readers, we are satisfied, that we can do them no better service, than to devote a column, to a very rapid glance at two or three of the most distinctive features of its contents.

Dr. Lawrence had an arduous task to perform. The biographer of his father, he would naturally have great delicacy in publishing to the world, the generous, noble and praiseworthy traits of character, which made up almost the whole of that father's existence, but without such publication, there could be no biography of Amos Lawrence. He has, therefore, with excellent taste compiled a volume, which is strictly what professes to be "Extracts from the Daily and Correspondence," which is connected together by such editorial remarks as were necessary to preserve a continuous history. The manner in which the editor has succeeded in his delicate task is worthy of special commendation. But one hundred copies of the volume were first printed (not published) for private circulation among family connections; but at the earnest solicitation of many public societies and private friends, it is now given to the public. It will be a matter of interest to our readers to know that for a work of its kind, its sales have certainly been unparalleled. Many of the larger Boston merchants having presented a copy to each of their clerks (one house taking sixty for that purpose) as containing the best possible picture of a good man and a great merchant, that could be obtained.

Amos Lawrence takes a place among the great man of his time. He was not a great scholar, nor a great orator, nor a great politician. He had not great learning, nor great genius; but nevertheless, he was a great man. He had a *great heart*, and any mind that could direct it so wisely as it was directed, is a great mind. He was born in Groton, Mass., April 22d, 1786. He received the rudiments of his education at the District School, with some little assistance from the Groton Academy, of which he and his brothers have since been such munificent friends and patrons. At thirteen, not being sufficiently hardy for farm labor, he was apprenticed to a country merchant in his native town, with whom he remained seven years. During this period he formed and lived up to the resolution never to indulge in tobacco nor intoxicating drinks, which he always kept. Writing, many years afterward, to a young student in College, he says:

"We five boys were in the habit, every forenoon, of making a drink compounded of rum, raisins, sugar, nutmeg, &c., with biscuit—all palatable to eat or drink. After being in the store four weeks, I found myself admonished by my appetite of the hour for indulgence. Thinking the habit might make trouble if allowed to grow stronger, without further apology to my friends I declined partaking with them. My first resolution was to abstain for a week, and when the week was out, for a month, and then for a year. Finally, I resolved to abstain for the rest of my apprenticeship, which was five years longer. During that whole period I never drank a spoonful, although I mixed gallons daily for my old master and his customers. I decided not to be a slave to tobacco in any form, though I loved the odor of it then, and even now have in my drawer a superior Havana cigar, given me not long since by a friend, but only to smell of. I have never in my life smoked a cigar; never chewed but one quid, and that before I was fifteen, and never took an ounce of snuff, although the scented rappee of forty years ago had great charms for me. Now, I say, to this simple fact of starting *just right*, am I indebted, with God's blessing on my labors, for my present position, as well as that of the numerous connections sprung up around me."

On the 29th of April, 1807, five days after he became of age, young Lawrence took his father's horse and chaise, and engaged a neighbor to drive him to Boston. To use his own language, "with twenty dollars in his pocket, and feeling richer than he had ever felt before, or had felt since." After a few months clerkship, he hired a small store in Cornhill, and on the 17th of December, commenced business on his own account.—He remarks, that on the 1st of January the profits on his sales had amounted to one hundred and seventy four dollars, which sum, after deducting his expenses, was his entire capital. In 1842, this sum had increased to such an amount as he thought would be good for his descendants; and from that time he became his own executor, annually giving away the full amount (and often more) of a very large income, except the comparatively small portion required for his family uses. The first year of his business yielded him fifteen hundred dollars, and the second four thousand. He naively remarks that if the order of his gains had been reversed, he should probably have been pecuniarily ruined.

Having become fairly established in Boston, Mr. Lawrence took his brother Abbott, then fifteen years of age, as an apprentice. He came to him, bringing his bundle under his arm and with three dollars (his sole fortune) in his pocket. Six years later, he received him into equal copartnership, putting into the concern his own earnings up to that date, amounting to fifty thousand dollars. We hardly need allude to the business career and commercial success of the house thus formed. The firm of A. & A. Lawrence went on from prospering to prosper, strong as a rock upon its basis of integrity, talent and capital, and often holding up the hands of weaker neighbors in times of trial. It built up large fortunes for those concerned with it, and has made these merchant princes the more worthy merchant *priests* and ministers of a most munificent and judicious benevolence. Mr. Lawrence considered the element of his success to be promptness in action—taking the tide at the flood, and never waiting until it was half down, lest he might be left on the flats. To this must be added an integrity, which inspired the most implicit confidence, an economy that permitted no fragment of time nor money to be wasted, and that quick perception, without which no one can successfully manage an extensive business.

On the 6th of June, 1811, Mr. Lawrence was married, and we learn from his correspondence, that no man was ever more domestic in his tastes, or was better satisfied with the refined enjoyments and pleasures of home. A few days after the birth of a daughter, he writes to a friend:

"I am the richest man, I suppose, on this side of the water, and the richest, because the happiest. On the 23d, I was blessed by the birth of a fair little daughter; this, as you may well suppose, has filled our hearts with joy. * * I wish you were a married man, and then (if you had a good wife) you would know how to appreciate the pleasures of a parent. I have lately thought more than ever of the propriety of your settling soon. It is extremely dangerous to defer making a connection until a late period, for a man is more and more in danger of not forming one, the longer he puts it off; and any man who does not form this connection, grossly miscalculates in the use of the means which God has given him, to supply himself with pleasures in the downhill journey of life." He concludes by informing his friend, that Mrs. L. has her eye on a wife for him—and after describing her accomplishments, remarks:—"that the only objection to her, so far as he has observed is, that she has a few thousand dollars in cash; but this, however, might be remedied, for after furnishing a house, the balance might be given to her relations, or to some public institution."

Religion was eminently a part of Mr. Lawrence's *business*—not the religion of a dead faith only, but a religion in which an active faith and the works of love and human charity were united with humility. His pastor remarks of him, in his funeral discourse, that "he was a constant worshipper in his (the Old Brattle Street) Church for forty-six years, and, for more than forty years, was a communicant, and for ten years a deacon, which office he was compelled to resign on account of continued ill health." His Diary and Letters show a heart full of reverence, and imbued with a Christian *vitality* that might put many louder and more clamorous professors to shame.

His charities were not only large but systematic. As we have mentioned, after 1842, he determined to be his own executor, and to annually distribute his income. He gave largely to individuals, as well as to public charities and institutions. His biographer says, it was his custom to note down at cost the value of his private donations, whether in the shape of a single book, a turkey, or one of his immense bundles of varieties to some poor country minister's family, as large, he says in addressing one, "as a small haycock." Two or three rooms in his house were used for the reception of useful articles for distribution. Many of the packages forwarded contained substantial articles for domestic use, and were often accompanied by a note containing from five to fifty dollars in money. He not unfrequently sent to his store for one or two thousand dollars at a time in small bills, to be used in the service of his charities. He never gave without due examination, and his gifts were more generally voluntary, than the results of solicitation or personal appeals. His biographer estimates the sum, which he devoted to charities during his life, and mostly during the last ten years of it, to be not less than seven hundred thousand dollars, and remarks, "that although many persons have done more, few have done so much in proportion to the means they had to bestow."

During a large portion of Mr. Lawrence's life, he was a confirmed invalid. At his store, on a hot day of June, 1831, he drank freely of cold water, and was immediately seized with an attack of the most alarming illness, which finally almost destroyed his digestive functions. From this period may be dated his withdrawal from regular participation in the extensive business of his house, and the compulsory adoption of a peculiar system of diet, to which he adhered until his death. His food was of the simplest kind, and taken in very small quantities, after being weighed in a balance, which always stood before him, on his writing-table. To secure perfect quiet, and that he might never be tempted to overstep the bounds of prudence, it was always sent to his room; and during the last sixteen years of his life, he sat down to no meal with his family. In a letter to his friend, President Hopkins, of Williams College, he says:

"If your young folks want to know the meaning of epicureanism, tell them to take some bits of coarse bread, (one ounce and a little more,) soak them in three gills of coarse meal gruel, and make their dinner of them and nothing else—beginning very hungry and leaving off more hungry. The food is delicious—such as no modern epicureanism can equal."

We have already trespassed beyond the space we had intended to occupy with our notice. No sketch of the life of such a man as Amos Lawrence can be outlined in a newspaper article. To him, to his noble brothers, and to a few like them, we owe much for what they have done, and more, for what they have shown us and the world how to do.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

A writer in "Life Illustrated," gives a long account of a scientific discovery, which a gentleman of New York City claims to have made, by which he is able to extract metals absorbed into the body:

"It appears," remarks the writer, "that some years back Mr. Vergnes was engaged in that branch of manufacturing chemistry which consists in the plating of metals by the new processes patented by Ruolz and Elkington. In the manipulations thus necessitated, his hands, from constant exposure to metallic action of a more or less pernicious character, became ulcerated in several places, and resisted—as is usual in such cases—every attempt at successful medical treatment.

But in watching the effects of electricity on metals as they were showing themselves every day under his own eyes, it occurred to him that, through the medium of one of the chemical baths used in the manufacture, the electric power could be applied to the extraction of the mineral substances which he rightly judged to be the cause of the malady. On the first essay it was found that a metallic plate in contact with the negative pole of the electric battery was covered within a quarter of an hour by a thin layer of gold and silver that could only have been extracted from the suffering member. This discovery was, of course, followed by a repetition of the bath, and in a short time the ulcerations had disappeared.

The mode of arranging and using the bath is, of course, most important, when so mysterious and powerful an agent as electricity is in question. The following is the plan adopted: The common metallic bath is used, but under circumstances of electric isolation, which would require more space than we command to explain. It is then filled with water acidulated by a certain portion of nitric acid or hydro-chloric acid, when the metal to be extracted is gold, silver, or mercury, and with sulphuric acid when the metal is lead. The patient is now placed in the bath, with the water up to his neck, and lies at his length upon a wooden floor, isolated from the zinc bottom and sides of the bath. A given point of the bath is now placed in communication with the negative pole of the battery by means of a small vice, and the patient extending out of the bath now one hand, now the other, as each successively tires, holds with it the positive pole, which consists of a solid handle of iron covered with wet cloths, to mitigate the caloric power of the current of electricity which might otherwise cauterize the skin of the hand. The positive electricity in this way is made to enter by the arm, then circulates from the head to the feet, to be then neutralized upon the sides of the bath by the action of the negative pole. Being isolated from the direct contact of the negative pole as well as from the soil, the mass irradiates through the bath, forming a multitude of currents that escape from all its surfaces, and which, after traversing the internal organs, and even the bones, ends by neutralizing itself on the negative side of the bath. The foreign mineral matters diffused through the body are seized by the electric currents in their passage and deposited in the water, which is always found saturated with them, more especially in that part of the bath in contact with the chest and shoulders of the patient."

APPEARANCE OF DR. KANE.—The Washington Union thus describes the personal appearance of Dr. Kane, showing that his prolonged tour in the Arctic regions has had a serious effect upon his frame:

"His grey hairs and furrowed face plainly tell the story of his hardships and suffering. His appearance indicates two score and ten; in reality he has just entered his 33d year. His form and physique are not what is generally fancied to be in keeping with a dauntless spirit, daring exploits, and herculean undertakings. He is below the medium height, with a spare and delicate frame."

HOME is emphatically the poor man's paradise. The rich, with their many resources, too often live away from the hearth-stone, in heart, if not in person; but to the virtuous poor, domestic ties are the only legitimate and positive sources of happiness short of that holier heaven which is the soul's home.

STARTLING NARRATIVE OF CRIME.

Some time ago, says a San Francisco paper, a large section of the interior country, embracing portions of the counties of Calaveras, El Dorado and Placer, was the theatre of a series of horrible and mysterious murders, attributed to Mexican banditti. In most cases the victim was a miner, known to have been working a gold claim, and situated in a locality where, in case of attack by robbers, he would have little chance of escape, and still less of assistance from neighbors. In several instances men were murdered and their bodies burned on the spot; and upon making search for the missing, the only ground for suspicion that the party sought for had been murdered, was in the fact that his tent or cabin bore traces of having been rifled, and evident hasty departure of the occupant. The officers of the law were unable to gain any trace to the route pursued by the murderers, or their number and character, although it was universally believed that they were Mexicans.

Some weeks since, a murder was committed in El Dorado County, and suspicion attached to a man named Wilson, and although there was nothing of proof sufficient to warrant his arrest, a deputy sheriff of that county resolved to try what could be done by stratagem, and accordingly approached Wilson, and charged him directly with the murder. Wilson manifested every symptom of guilt, and immediately exclaimed, "have they caught Kelly?" The officer said, "yes, we have got Kelly;" when the other replied, "Then the d——d scoundrel has blowed upon me."

Wilson was immediately taken to the Coloma jail, when he was induced to become State's evidence, with the condition that he should be liberated upon the conviction of his partners in crime. He then commenced a long narrative of murders, to which he had been a witness and party, and implicated two men named Kelly and Mickey Free, with whom, it appears, he was associated in nearly every murder that has been committed in the section of the country specified during the last year. He related his story with such minute detail, apparently exhibiting such a wonderful power of memory, that his listeners were almost induced to the belief that they were being deceived by the imaginings of a mad man.

Many of the circumstances which he related, however, were in some measure known to the officers, and a careful note was taken of all the descriptions which he gave relative to the positions of the bodies of men that had been murdered by him and his companions, and buried, as a precaution against immediate investigation of the murder. In every instance these descriptions were found to be wonderfully correct, even in such details as the tearing of a garment and stuffing the fragment into the mouth of the victim, to prevent his calling for assistance. Bodies of murdered men, described by him as having been burned at a distance from any habitation, were found in the exact position indicated.

The form and color of rock, the peculiar inclination of the branches and shrubbery of a tree in a spot visited by him but once, and then under circumstances which gave little time or opportunity for remark, were described with such accuracy that the officers had only to refer to the chart which he had marked out for their guidance, and they were sure of finding the objects which it indicated.

Soon after the arrest of Wilson, a police of this city, visited him in his cell at Coloma Jail, with the view of ascertaining if he was the person of the same name who is accused of murdering a man in Montgomery County some years since. As soon as the officer entered the cell, he saw that Wilson was not the man he was looking for, and immediately turned away, when the jailor remarked to the officer: "I'll bet you that Wilson can describe to me every article of your dress."

The officer remained in a position where he could listen without being seen by the prisoner, and was startled to hear a complete description not only of his apparel, but even of peculiarities of his person which he himself had never previously noticed. It is admitted by all that a man of such remarkable talent, capable of employing it in the manner illustrated by his own story of crime, is too dangerous a person to be allowed his liberty. Mickey Free, one of the murderous trio, has been arrested, and will undoubtedly be executed. Kelly had not been captured at the last accounts, but it is believed he is in the State, and cannot finally escape the punishment which is justly due for the crimes he is said to have committed.

A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to get into the interior of this remarkable building, to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, you must have an order from the Governor of the bank. The building occupies an irregular area of *eight acres* of ground; an edifice of no architectural beauty, without one window towards the street, being lighted altogether from the roof or the inclosed areas. The ordinary business apartments differ from those of our banks only in their extent, a thousand clerks being constantly on duty, and driven with business at that. But to form any adequate idea of what the bank is, we must penetrate its recesses, its vaults and offices, where we shall see such operations as are not known in Wall Street.—I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after the delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the Bank received yesterday were now examined, compared with the entries in the books, and stored away. *The Bank of England never issues the same note a second time.* It receives in the ordinary course of business about £600,000 or $4,000,000 daily in notes: these are put up in parcels according to their denomination, boxed up with the date of their reception, and are kept ten years, at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground up in the mill which I saw running, and made again into paper. If in the course of those ten years, any dispute in business or law-suits should arise concerning the payment of any note, the Bank can produce the identical bill. To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the Bank has its own paper-makers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and even makes the most of the machinery by which its own work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing office to the banking offices, which marks every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers cannot manufacture a single sheet of blank notes that is not recorded in the Bank.—On the same principle of exactness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to another, connecting clocks in sixteen business wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second of time.

In another room was a machine, exceeding simple, for detecting *light* gold coins. A row of them dropped one by one upon a spring scale; if the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height and the coin slid off upon one side into a box; if less than the standard, it rose a little higher and the coin slid off upon the other side. I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came into his hands, and strangely enough, he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer!

The next room I entered was that in which the notes are deposited which are ready for issue. "We have thirty-two million of pound sterling in this room," the officer remarked to me, "will you take a little of it?" I told him it would be vastly agreeable, and he handed me a million sterling (five million of dollars,) which I received with many thanks for his liberality; but he insisted upon my depositing it with him again, as it would be hardly safe to carry so much money into the streets. I very much fear that I shall never see that money again. In the vault beneath the floor was a director and the Cashier couting the bags of gold which men were pitching down to them: each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling just from the mint This world of money seemed to realize the fables of Eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one institution to the commerce of the world.—*Prime's Travels.*

THE reason why man was made after everything else, was because if he had been created first, he would have annoyed the Almighty by endless suggestions of improvement.

TRUTH is like a torch, the more it is shook, the more it shines.

BE generous to those who hold different opinions from yourself.

AN honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

TRAITS of character which you seek to conceal, you had much better seek to reform.

THE man who passed through life without enemies, could not have had a character worth depreciating.

BRIDAL ARRAY.

The following account of an article of head-dress worn by the Syrian fashionables, is from the November number of Putnam:

But there is one article of fashionable costume in Mount Lebanon, more useless and very near as ugly as beaver. On her bridal night, a girl of the mountain is cumbrously harnessed with something that, for want of a better name, may be called a horn. To take a horn on such an occasion, is no great novelty to be sure; but the oddity of it here consists in its being put upon the head instead of into the head. It is a monstrous tube, about sixteen inches in length, rudely chased and fretted, usually of silver, but sometimes of brass, or even dried dough, and sometimes, too, of gold, set with rubies. It is fastened to the upper part of the forehead by means of a small cushion, and a number of silk cords, which pass under the chin and interlace with the hair. It projects forward at an angle of about sixty degrees, and its fatiguing weight is balanced by three or four huge tassels of silk and silver, which pendulate behind. A veil is thrown over its pinnacle, and hangs there, to use a comparison of the Slick family, like a shirt on a beanpole. Wherever she goes, whatever she does, the matron of Mount Lebanon must wear her horn. She visits in it, works in it, and worst of all, sleeps in it. This last circumstance is terrifying, and leads me to hope that my own country women will never adopt the fashion. What an unpleasant circumstance to be bruised and gored in one's slumbers by the antler of a restless wife!—How a man would be surprised, to wake up for the first time with the end of one of these ponderous cones in his eye! It is a wonder to me that any Syrian babies survive sleeping with their mothers. Perhaps, indeed, this is the reason why Arab infancy is so cautiously swathed and guarded by a seven fold armor of bandages. In point of fact, the men often grumble, and seek to divest their spouses of such a costly and annoying decoration. The war of 1840 helped them wonderfully to this end, although in a way that was very disturbing to their nerves and purses. As the Druzes whipped the Maronites in almost every battle they had large opportunities for plundering the Maronite districts, which they improved with great zeal and faithfulness. And wherever they met a married woman, they *would* have her horn as a souvenir of the interview. In short, horns became such uncertain property, that most people put them into concealment, and only enjoy their horns in private, as topers enjoy theirs under the pressure of the Maine Law. A sort of interregnum thus ensued, and continued so long that the traditional influence of the custom became sadly dilapidated.—At the end of the war, horns went up again, like stocks, but diminished in number, and much weakened in popularity.

Three kinds of them may be noticed in the mountain; in agricultural parlance, there are long horns and short horns.—The first species, which I have just described, is to be found in the districts back of Beirut. Another, reminding one by its shape of an enormous thimble, and worn on the apex of the head, but without any balance weight of tasseling, is peculiar to the still loftier villages behind Tripoli, around Eden and the locality of the cedars. In a lower part of the mountain, called the Kessarawan, exists a second variety of the short horn, modeled something like an unequal hour-glass, bound firmly to the right temple, and projecting latterly from the head.

I remember, with some admiration, the face of a handsome mountaineeress, who carried on perpetual war with her spouse, about this matronly appendage. She insisted upon wearing it; he held as obstinately to the contrary policy. When the husband was out, the horn went on in triumph; when the husband got home, the horn came off in an ignominious hurry. And so matters continued, the horn exalted and abased by turns, up to the date of my departure.

THE mind has more room in it than most people think, if they would but furnish the apartments.

HEAVEN and immortality are themes for profitable reflection; but, unfortunately, many persons think more of new dresses and late fashions than they do of their future destiny.

WISH men are instructed by reason, men of less understanding by experience; the ignorant by necessity, and brutes by nature.

THERE are moments in human life when persons, linked together in a series of events, may form *tableaux*, which stand out from ordinary grouping, like an illustration stamped in strong light and shadow on the back of destiny.

CHILDREN.

Children, God bless them! Who can help loving them? Children, God bless them! are the only beings for whom we have no "imperfect sympathies." We love them through and through. There is nothing conventional in the hearty laugh of a child. The smile of a child is unsusceptible of artifice. I once corrected one of my little ones, and put him to bed, for having been stubborn at his letters. Then I waited until he fell asleep, and then I watched beside him until he slumbered out his sorrows.—When he opened his eyes he stretched out his little arms, smiled up in my face and forgave me. The Lord forgive me for the whaling I gave him! I owe him an apology, which I intend to make so soon as he is old enough to understand it. There is nothing so odious to the mind of a child as injustice, and young married people are prone to expect too much, and exact too much of their eldest born. If, then, we are unjustly severe, from our want of experience, it seems to me there is something due, some reparation on our part, due to the individual whose feelings we have injured. If we lose temper with a gentleman six feet high, and call him hard names, we often find it convenient to apologize. It seem to me that three feet of wounded sensibility is, at least, entitled to respectful consideration.—What do you think of that, Mrs. Sparrowgrass? Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she thought it was true. "How much," I continued, reflectively, "children occupy the father's mind." "Yes," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "and the mother's." "Children," said I, "are to the father as weights are to the clock—they keep him steady, and they keep him busy." Mrs. Sparrowgrass looked up from the plaid patch of new gingham she was needling into the breast of a faded gingham apron, and nodded significantly; "true," said she, "you are the hour hand, but I am the minute hand." As this was the most brilliant remark Mrs. S. had made for months, I was silent for some time.

"I DID AS THE REST DID."

This tame, yielding spirit—this "doing as the rest did"—has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the tavern, or the gambling rooms, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers, and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but, alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man! he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several other usesul matters. In time they marry; their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

WHO WOULD BE A MONARCH?

Grandeur seems to be like a candle—burning blackest nearest the wick. The following shows what society hems in a monarch:

"On the occasion of one of his last visits to Berlin, the Emperor wished to present a painter, who was in the employment of the royal family, with a watch. A watch was offered to the artist by his Majesty's chamberlain; but it corresponded so ill with the lofty reputation of the imperial donor, that the painter ventured to remark to a friend that it was not a very imperial gift. The observation was repeated to the Czar, and it was perceived that the officer charged with the execution of his Majesty's intention had received the value of a high-priced watch from the treasurer to his household, but had sent a worthless watch to the painter, and kept the difference for himself. The Czar frowned when this story came to his knowledge: then, with a look in which sadness and disgust were more visible than anger, he took his own watch from his pocket, and said, 'Give this one to the painter, and for the rest—*say nothing about it*, if you please.' The offender was one of the most confidential attendants on his own person!"

THE all-seeing One, who judges the thought as well as the act, will make no distinction between life drained drop by drop from the soul, and that sent forth at a blow with the red hand.